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THE
VIRGIL
WORKS

OF

VIRGIL.

VOLUME SECOND

VOL. III.

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J. HARRISON, W. HARRISON.

MDCCCXXXIII.

W O R K S

VIRGIL

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TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

V. I. B. R. 1. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

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OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

By Mr. DRYDEN.

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Printed for C. BATHURST, J. F. and C. RIVINGTON,
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J. JOHNSON, and T. EVANS.

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J. Johnston and J. Evans.

MDCCLXXXII



THE
THIRD BOOK.
OF THE
GEORGICS.

Vol. II.

B

THE
A R G U M E N T.

THIS Book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse,
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse.

Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry plains and pleaſing floods.

All other themes that careleſs minds invite, 5
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.

Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eueſtheus, ev'ry reader ſees:

Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelop's iv'ry ſhoulder, and his toil 10

For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come 15
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies
 home: I H T

With foreign spoils adorn my native place;
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius thro' the valley strays: 20
 Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the dome command:
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown, 25
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown)
 A hundred courses from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
 All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see,
 The whorlbat and the rapid race, shall be 30
 Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
 Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
 Ev'n now, methinks, the public shouts I hear,
 The passing pageants, and the pomps appear.
 I, to the temple will conduct the crew; 35
 The sacrifice and sacrificers view;
 From thence return, attended by my train,
 Where the proud theatres disclose the scene;

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
 And shew the triumph which their shame displays.
 High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold, 41
 The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold;
 The Nile shall flow beneath, and on the side
 His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride,
 Next him Niphates with inverted urn, 45
 And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
 And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
 With backward bows the Parthian shall be there;
 And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
 A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows, 50
 Two differing trophies from two different foes.
 Europe and Afric in his fame shall join;
 But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
 The Parian marble, there, shall seem to move;
 In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove; A55
 Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
 Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
 Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ,
 And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
 Envy herself at last grown pale and dumb, 60
 (By Cæsar combated and overcome)
 Shall give her hands: and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing furies, and the burning lakes:

The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel;
 And Sisyphus that labours up the hill 65
 The rolling rock in vain, and curs'd Ixion's wheel.

Mean time we must pursue the Sylvan lands,
 (Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former
 hands;

For such, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.

Without thee nothing lofty can I sing; 70

Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring,

With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay,

Cytheron loudly calls me to my way; [prey.]

Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their

High Epidaurus urges on my speed, 75

Fam'd for his hills and for his horses breed;

From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound;

For echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer muse,

In Cæsar's wars a nobler theme shall chuse. 80

And thro' more ages bear my sovereign's praise,

Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The gen'rous youth, who, studious of the prize,

The race of running coursers multiplies;

Or to the plough the sturdy bullocks breeds, 85

May know that from the dam the worth of each

proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a low'ring look,
 Sour headed, strongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
 Her double dew-lap from her chin descends;
 And at her thighs the pond'rous burden ends. 90
 Long as her sides and large, her limbs are great,
 Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
 Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
 She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight:
 She rises in her gait, is free from fears, 95
 And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
 Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
 And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
 The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
 But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. 100
 Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
 Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plow.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
 Submit thy females to thy lusty fire; 104
 Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail,
 Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
 Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
 But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive;
 Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour come, 110
 And age, and death's inexorable doom.

Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
 Recruit and mend 'em with thy yearly care;
 Still propagate, for still they fall away,
 'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay. 115

Like diligence require the courser's race,
 In early choice, and for a longer space.
 The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
 By sure presages shews his generous kind,
 Of able body, sound of limb and wind. 120
 Upright he walks on pasterns firm and straight,
 His motions easy, prancing in his gait.
 The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
 To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
 wood,

Dauntless at employ noises; lofty neck'd;
 Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd, 125
 Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour grey;
 For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay;
 Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far 130
 The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
 Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind. 135

GEOR. III. GEORGICS.

His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double, starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
His hev'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane.
When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The leacher gallopp'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain;
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring

But worn with years when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love.
And when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires,
And in himself his former self requires.

His age and courage weigh; not those alone,
 But note his father's virtues and his own;
 Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize;
 Of loss impatient, proud of victories. 164

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
 The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
 Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
 Th' extremes of feverish hope, and chilling fear;
 Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
 The flying chariot kindles in the course: 170

And now a-low and now aloft they fly,
 As borne thro' air, and seem to touch the sky:
 No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
 Spurn'd and cast backward on the follow'rs eyes.
 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first; 175
 Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold Erichonius was the first who join'd
 Four horses for the rapid race design'd;
 And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate;
 The Lapithæ to chariots add the state 180
 Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound;
 To turn the ring, and trace the mazy ground;
 To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
 T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To chuse a youthful steed, with courage fir'd,
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd 186
 Experienc'd masters, and in fundry ways;
 Their labours equal, and alike their praise.

But once again the batter'd horse beware,
 The weak old stallion will deceive thy care. 190

Tho' famous in his youth for force and speed,
 Or was of Argos or Epirian breed, [proceed.
 Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself }

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial
 Approaches for the stately steed to climb; [time
 With food enable him to make his court; 196

Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:
 Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind:

Then water him, and (drinking what he can) 200
 Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.

Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
 And join in wedlock to the longing mare:

For if the fire be faint, or out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd race; 205

And sink beneath the pleasing talk assign'd;
 (For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
 Take down their mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;

When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210
 To take the leap, and prove the sport again;
 With scanty measure then supply their food;
 And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood;
 Their bodies harass, sink them when they run;
 And fry their melting marrow in the sun: * 215
 Starve 'em, when barns beneath their burden groan,
 And winnow'd chaff by western wind is blown.
 For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
 Should scant the passage, and confine the room:
 Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy. 220
 Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
 But let them suck the feed with greedy force,
 And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done; thy care must now proceed
 To teeming females, and the promis'd breed. 225
 First let 'em run at large, and never know
 The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plow:
 Let 'em not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
 Or lumber o'er the meads or cross the wood:
 But range the forest, by the silver side 230
 Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
 Green grass and fat'ning clover for their fare,
 And mossy caverns for their noontide laze; [air.
 With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green, 235
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;
This flying plague (to mark its quality,) 236
Oestros, the Grecians call; Asylus, we: [blood;
A fierce loud buzzing breeze, their stings draw
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood. 240
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry,
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first employ'd for Io's punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains 245
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
And for the tender progeny provide. 250
Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the fire;
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice prefer'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow, 255
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plow;
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.

The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, bred to the rural trade: 260
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry;
While yet his youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break; 265
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue;
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two, 270
Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel;
In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrows smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd, 275
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand. 280
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely fires have done;

Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend, 285
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;

Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide;

Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride;

The generous labours of the courser, first [nurst;

Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets

Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear, 295

And let him clashing whips in stables hear;

Sooth him with praise, and make him understand

The loud applauses of his master's hand:

This from his weaning, let him well be taught, 295

And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought;

Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,

Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit;

But when to four full springs his years advance,

Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;

And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat, 305

To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.

Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought,

And seem to labour, when he labours not.

Thus, form'd to speed, he challenges the wind, 305

And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:

He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
 And treads so light he scarcely prints the plains:
 Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
 He sweeps the skies and clears the cloudy north:
 The waving harvest bends beneath his blast: 314
 The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
 Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
 Thus o'er th' Elean plains thy well-breath'd horse
 Impels the flying carr, and wins the course; 316
 Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
 Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply. 320
 Before his training, keep him poor and low;
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow:
 The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
 Impatient to the lash, and restiff to the rein.

Wou'dst thou their courage and their strength
 improve,
 Too soon they must not feel the stings of love. 326
 Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
 Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
 The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
 Behind the mountain or beyond the flood: 330

Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forfakes his food, and pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns, with dreadful sound.
The forest rattles and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing, loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;
But feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight the victors boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan, [lost,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.

And therefore to repair his strength he tries; 355
 Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise,
 And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.

On prickly leaves, and on sharpherbs he feeds,
 Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.

His horns, yet fore, he tries against a tree, 360
 And meditates his absent enemy.

He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
 But, when he stands collected in his might,
 He roars, and promises a more successful fight.

Then, to redeem his honour at a blow, 365

He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.

Not with more madness, rolling from afar,

The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war;

And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,

March onwards, and insult the rocky shore, 370

They mate the middle region with their height,

And fall no less than with a mountain's weight.

The water's boil and belching from below

Black sands as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind, 375

The secret joys of sweet coition find;

Not only man's imperial race, but they

That wing the the liquid air or swim the sea,

Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same. 380

'Tis with this rage, the mother lion frung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young;
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.

'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.

Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.

Then woe to him that in the desert land
Of Lybia travels, o'er the burning sand. 390

The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar;
And snorts and trembles for the distant mate.

Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain,
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain. 394

He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded streams.

The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.

The sleepy letcher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chops the frothy bubbles rise.

He rubs his sides against a tree, prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.

What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
 Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart
 Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took;
 About him, and above, the billows broke;
 The sluices of the sky were open spread,
 And rolling thunder rattl'd o'er his head.
 The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
 And every boding omen of the main.
 Nor cou'd his kindred, nor the kindly force
 Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
 No, not the dying maid who must deplore,
 His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.
 I pass the wars that spotted linkes make
 With their fierce rivals, for the female's sake:
 The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage,
 When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
 But far above the rest, the furious mare,
 Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
 For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
 She tears the harness, and she rends the reins;
 For this, (when Venus gave them rage and power)
 Their masters mangled members they devour,
 Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
 For love, they force thro' thickets of the wood,
 They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When at the spring's approach their marrow
burns,

(For with the spring their genial warmth returns)

The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair, 430

And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:

When (wond'rous to relate) the parent wind,

Without the stallion, propagates the kind.

Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight

Thro' plains, and mount the hills unequal height;

Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun, 436

Nor southward to the rainy regions run,

But boring to the west, and how'ring there,

With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:

With which impregnate, from their groins they shed

A slimy juice, by false conception bred. 441

The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name

Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.

This, gather'd in the planetary hour, [power,

With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of

Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse, 446

And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.

But time is lost, which never will renew,

While we too far the pleasing path pursue;

Surveying nature with too nice a view. 450

Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare:
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
To raise my subject from a ground so low;
And the mean matter which my theme affords, 455
To embellish with magnificence of words.
But the commanding muse my chariot guides;
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discoveries make. 460
Now sacred Palesy in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First with assiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep;
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold. 466
That free from gouty thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air,
Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams to quench their thirst:
Feed 'em with winter browse, and for their lair 471
A cote that opens to the south prepare;
Where basking in the sun-shine they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.

This during winter's drizzly reign be done; 475
Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun;
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal share.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly sold; but not for needful use; 480
For the salacious goat increases more;
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still distended udders never fail,
But when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards; 485
And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop, 490
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold over-
come.

So much the more thy diligence bestow
In depth of winter, to defend the snow; 495
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills, can fit provision find.

Then minister the browſe with bounteous hand,
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds with vital power 500
Call forth the tender graſs and budding flower;
Then at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend 'em to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Hesperus appears,
Fiſt let 'em ſip from herbs the pearly tears 505
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſward ground; (a cool and grateful taſte:)
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring troughs again. 511
In ſummer's heat, ſome bending valley find,
Clos'd from the ſun, but open to the wind;
Or ſeek ſome ancient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend: 515
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To ſhield 'em with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to wat'ring lead, and feed again
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main.
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews; 520
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:

When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the Halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains,
Their scatter'd cottages and ample plains? 525

Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or thro' continu'd desarts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day. }

Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know; 530

Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass

Allures their eyes: The shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:

His house and household gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur, 535

Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome;

Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe. 540

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold;

Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand. 545

Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:

The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow;
And all the West allies of stormy Boreas blow,
The sun from far peeps with a sickly face, 550
Too weak the clouds, and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed,
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd, 555
An hoftry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen cauldrons, with the frost are flaw'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the solid portions they dispense. 561
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and cracking sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual fleet and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below. 565
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wint'ry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar,
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war 571

With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight;
 But close engages in unequal fight.
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Thro' hills of snow, and pitifully bray, 575
 Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
 The men to subterranean caves retire,
 Secure from cold, and croud the chearful fire,
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad. 581
 Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
 And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets chear,
 Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer. 585
 Such are the cold Riphean race; and such
 The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch:
 Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
 The spoils of foxes and the furry bear.
 Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go 590
 Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
 Nor in too rank a pasture let 'em feed;
 Then of the purest white select thy breed:
 Ev'n tho' a snowy ram thou shalt behold, 594
 Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold.

But search his mouth, and if a swarthy tongue
 Is underneath his humid palate hung,
 Reject him, lest he darken all the flock,
 And substitute another from thy stock.
 'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
 May trust report) Pan god of Arcady
 Did bribe thee Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
 Bring clover-grass, and from the marshy land
 Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
 To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
 These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
 The flavour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
 With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
 Their morning milk the peasants press at night,
 Their evening meal before the rising light
 To market bear, or sparingly they steep
 With seas'ning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.

Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs, but feed
 With fat'ning whey the mastiffs gen'rous breed,
 And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
 Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief;

Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
 The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey
 Witheries of hounds that may't pursue the fallow
 Of flying hares, and chace the fallow deer;

Rouze from their desert dens the bristled boar
 Of boars, and beamy stags, in toils engage;

With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
 And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls;
 With that rank odour from thy dwelling place
 To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race
 For often under stalls unmoved they lie;

Obscure in shades and shunning heav'n's broad eye,
 And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
 Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed,
 Whether to rooſy houſes they repair,
 Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air;

In all abodes of peſtilential kind
 To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind.

Take, ſhepherd take, a plant of ſtubborn oak,
 And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke;
 Or with hard ſtones, demolish from a-ſar

His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war,
 Invade his hiſſing throat and winding ſpires,
 'Till ſtretch'd in length th' unfolded ſoe retires.

He drags his tail, and for his head providei;
 And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
 But leaves expos'd to blows his back and batter'd
 sides.

In fair Calahria's woods a snake is bred,
 With curling crest, and with advancing head;
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track,
 His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back;
 While springs are broken, while the southern air
 And dropping heav'n's the moisten'd earth repair,
 He lives on standing lakes, and trembling bogs;
 He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs.
 But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks,
 And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
 He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground:
 And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around,
 With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
 He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens.
 Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade
 In open plains, or in the secret shade;
 When he, renew'd in all the speckl'd pride
 Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
 And in his summer liv'ry rolls along:
 Erect, and brandishing his fork'y tongue,
 Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;

And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told, 670
Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.

A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick;

Or searching frosts have eaten thro' the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within; 675

Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and fokes into their empty veins:

When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.

Good shepherds after sheering drench their
sheep, 680

And their flocks father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.

They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil,
Or from the founts where living sulphur boil,

They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs, 685
With scum that on the molten silver swims.

Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees;

And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in the seas.
Receipts abound, but searching all thy store, 690

The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,

And cut the head, for till the core be found,
 The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground;
 While making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
 And when the lancing knife requires his
 hands, 695

Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n demands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,

And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;

The ready cure to cool the raging pain,

Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein. 700

This remedy the Scythian shepherds found;

Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,

The Gelons use it, when for drink and food

They mix their cruddl'd milk with horses blood.

But when thou seest a single sheep remain 705

In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain;

Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,

Or late to lag behind with truant pace,

Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,

Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold, 710

Than foul diseases that infect the fold:

Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,

But oft'ner bring the nation to decay,

And sweep the present stock and future hope away.

A dire example of this truth appears; 716
 When, after such a length of rolling years,
 We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
 Of scatter'd cott's, and yet unpeopl'd plains;
 Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's
 happy reigns. 710

Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
 A plague did on the dumb creation rise;
 During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
 Tame cattle and the beasts of nature flew. 724
 Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure;
 Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure,
 Strange death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
 When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
 A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd again; 730
 Converting into bane the kindly juice,
 Ordain'd by nature for a better use,
 The victim ox, that was for altars press'd,
 Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dress'd,
 Sunk of himself, without the gods command; 735
 Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand;
 Or, by the holy butcher, if he fell,
 Th' inspected entrails cou'd no fates foretel.

Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise; 739
But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbid the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.

The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
rack.

The fawning dog runs mad, the weasling swine 745
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:

The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces and abhors the food:

He paws the ground, and on his hanging ears

A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears; 750

Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.

Such are the symptoms of the young disease;

But in time's process when his pains increase,

He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans

With patient sobbing and with manly moans. 755

He heaves for breath, which from his lungs supply'd,

And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.

To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds,

And rosy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.

A drench of wine has with success been us'd, 760

And thro' a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd;

The first of these is the fact that the
 Government has been unable to secure
 the necessary funds to carry out its
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Stiller radt

Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause,
For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought. 765
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow, 770
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plow)
Falls down and dies, and dying spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins: 775
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads can ease; nor chrystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace. 780
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the gl'be or smooth the rugged soil? 785

And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
 Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
 Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
 Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.

Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food; 790
 The wholesome herbage and the running flood;
 No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright,
 His pains by day secur'd his rest by night,

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
 To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen, 795

For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
 Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain;
 And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again. }

He yokes himself, and up the hilly height, 799
 With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round the inclosure
 prou'd

To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold;
 Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
 And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go;
 And round the dwellings roam, of man, their
 fiercer foe. }

The scaly nations of the sea profound, 806
 Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground:

And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore,

The viper dead within her hole is found; 816

Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.

The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,

With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed.

To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,

From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above;

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain, 816

Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.

The learned leaches in despair depart,

And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, 820

Majestically pale, now treads the round;

Before her drives diseases and affright,

And every moment rises to the fight,

Aspiring to the skies, incroaching on the light. }

The rivers and their banks, and hills around, 825

With lowings and with dying bleats resound.

At length she strikes an universal blow,

To death at once whole herds of cattle go:

Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,

The diff'ring species in confusion lie. 830

'Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,

To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground.

For, useleſs to the currier were their hides ;
Nor cou'd their tainted fleſh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth ; nor cou'd Vulcanian flame 835
'The ſtench abolish, or the ſavour tame.
Nor ſafely cou'd they ſhear their fleecy ſtore ;
(Made drunk with poiſ' nous juice and ſtiff with gore)
Or touch the web ; but if the veſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on their paps appear, 840
And flaming carbuncles, and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews that loathſom lice beget :
'Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his

pray.

THE
T. H. M. O. R. A. T.
FOURTH BOOK.
OF THE
GEORGIQS.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

VIRGIL has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgic: In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals. And in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place, he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

THE gifts of heav'n my foll'wing song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dew,
Mecænas, read this other part, that sings
Embattel'd squadrons and advent'rous kings;
A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call.
First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive.

Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
 That trample down the flow'rs and brush the dew;
 The painted lizard and the birds of prey, 16
 Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
 The titmouse and pecker's hungry brood,
 And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
 These rob the trading citizens, and bear 20
 The trembling captives thro' the liquid air,
 And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
 But near a living stream their mansion place,
 Edg'd round with moss and tufts of matted grass;
 And plant (the winds impetuous rage to stop) 25
 Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop.
 That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm,
 When first their way thro' yielding air they wing,
 New to the pleasures of their native spring; 30
 The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat;
 And neighb'ring trees, with friendly shade invite
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
 Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake, 35
 A passage for thy weary people make,
 With osier floats the standing water strow:
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow:

That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry: 40

When late returning home, the laden host,
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.

Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell;

Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell;

Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem, 45

And let thy purple vi'lets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees

With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees;

Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold

Congeals into a lump the liquid gold; 50

So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,

And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.

And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind

With dawby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd,

And with their stores of gather'd glue contrive, 55

To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.

Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce

A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found

In chambers of their own, beneath the ground; 60

Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,

And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky hives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay;
 Nor place them where too deep a water flows, 65
 Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour,
 grows; [nose]
 Nor roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of their
 Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground;
 Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
 And doubled images of voice rebound. 70

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
 And under earth have driv'n the winter year:
 The winged nation wanders thro' the skies,
 And o'er the plains and shady forest flies ::
 Then stooping on the meads and leafy bow'rs, 75
 They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
 Their young succession all their cares employ;
 They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
 And make provision for the future state: 80
 They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
 And labour honey to sustain their lives.
 But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies; 84
 The motions of their hasty flight attend, [bend]
 And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they

Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound
 With these alluring favours strew the ground,
 And mix with tinkling brass the cymbals droning
 sound;

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air, 90
 The reconcil'd deserters will repair.

But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
 (For two pretenders oft for empire strive)

The vulgar in divided factions jar,
 And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war. 95

Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,

Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,

With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,

And martial clangors call 'em out to fight;

With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds, 100

That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:

Then to their common standard they repair;

The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.

In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,

And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth! 105

Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's,

On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed

stings; [wings.]

And exercise their arms, and tremble with their

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride: 109 }
 The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
 With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd. }
 Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
 To war they follow their undaunted king;
 Croud thro' their gates, and in the fields of light,
 The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight; 115
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
 Hard hailstones lie nor thicker on the plain;
 Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
 With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign sway.
 The two contending princes make their way; 121
 Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go;
 Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
 With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
 They challenge, and encounter breast to breast; 125
 So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or die;
 That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
 'Till one prevails, (for one can only reign.)
 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, 130 }
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the fortune of the day. }

When both the chiefs are fund'red from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right.
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain, 135
That he who best deserves, alone may reign.

With ease distinguish'd is the regal race;
One monarch wears an honest open face :
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold, 140
And ruddy scales ; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.

That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face; 144
And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy
race :

Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travell'd thro' a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust
again.

The better brood, unlike the bastard crew, 149
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glitt'ring and ardent, tho' in body less;
From these at pointed seasons hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use :

T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join. 156

But when the swarms are eager of their play,
And loath their empty hives, and idly stray,

Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back. 160

The task is easy, but to clip the wings

Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:

At their command the people swarm away;

Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.

Sweet gardens, full of saffron flow'rs, invite 165

The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight.

Besides the god obscene, who frights away,

With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees, 169

For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees;

And with wild thyme and sav'ry, plant the plain,

'Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;

And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,

And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end, 175

Strike fail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,

My song to flow'ry gardens might extend.

To teach the vegetable arts, to sing

The Præstan roses, and their double spring.

How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow; 181

How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.

The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale. 185

For where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
And deep Galesus fokes the yellow sands,

I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too; }

Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: }

Yet lab'ring well his little spot of ground, 191

Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found:

Which cultivated with his daily care,

And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.

Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford, 195

With wholesome poppy-flow'rs to mend his homely

board:

For late returning home he supp'd at ease, }

And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less; }

The little of his own, because his own did please. }

To quit his care, he gather'd first of all 200

In spring the roses, apples in the fall:

And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,

And ice the running rivers did restrain.

He strip'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth, [stoth;
 And, calling Western winds, accus'd the spring of
 He therefore first among the swains was found, 206
 To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
 His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines
 With friendly shade, secured his tender vines. 210
 For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose; 214
 And tame to plumbs, the sourness of the flocks.
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task; for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees, 220
 Bestow'd by Jove for secret services:
 When by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
 The King of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own, 225
 And common sons, beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.

Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall,
All is the state's, the state provides for all.
Mindful of common cold, they share the pain: 230
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside,
And some are sent new forage to provide:
These drudge in fields abroad, and those at }
home } 234
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narcissus leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive,
Some nurse the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout,
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut. 240
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds,
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' Almighty nod, 245
New thunder hasten for their angry god:
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies,
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows reciprocating air,
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare: 250

With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the
fire. 255

If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of state, 260
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home. 265
Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies,
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saff'ron flowers, he sips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
Their toil is common, common is their sleep, 270
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush thro' the city gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:

Then having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night : 275
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells,
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day :
But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat ; 285
So bees bear gravel stones, whose poising weight
Steers thro' the whistling winds their steady flight.

But what's more strange, their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus fly the nuptial rites.
No lust enervates their heroic mind, 290
Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs,
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
And thus their little citizens create, 295
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear.

Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets. 300

Thus thro' the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of seven short years is done;
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains :
And grandsires grandsons the long list contains. }

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media more 306
With servile awe their idol king adore :

While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent,
But the great monarch's death dissolves the go-
vernment, }

All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects toil surveys,
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise :
Him they extol, they worship him alone. 315

They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout,
And when their sov'reign's quarrel calls 'em out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die. 320

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethærial thought :

Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires,
 For God the whole created mass inspires:
 Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth he
 throws 325
 His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
 Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
 fowls
 With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls.
 Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
 And into him at length resolve again. 330
 No room is left for death, they mount the sky,
 And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
 And by prerogative to break their doors:
 With sprinkled water first the city choke, 335
 And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
 Two honey harvests fall in ev'ry year,
 First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
 And springing upward spurn the briny seas,
 Again, when their affrighted quire surveys 340
 The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
 With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
 They plunge into the deep, and safe protection
 find.

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th'aggressor's face:
And thro' the purple veins a passage find, 346
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And woud'st preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, 350
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards shunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat. 355

Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or secret moths are there in silence fed, 360
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind,
With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty bives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives. 365

But since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state;

Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay. 369

They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare,
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:

And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are born,
Their friends attend the herse, the next relations }
mourn.

The sick, for air before the portal gasp, 375

Their feeble legs within each other clasp,

Or idle in their empty hives remain,

Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.

Soft whispers then, and broken sounds are heard,

As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd. 380

Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,

Or dying murmurs of departing tides.

This when thou seest, Galbanean odours use,

And honey in the sickly hive infuse.

Thro' reeden pipes convey the golden flood, 385

T'invite the people to their wonted food,

Mix it with thicken'd juice of foddren wines,

And raisins from the grapes of Pfythian vines:

To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,

And with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented cen-

taury

390

A flow'r there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found :
For from one root the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs.
The flow'r itself is glorious to behold, 395
And shines on altars like refulgent gold :
Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
And set beside the door the sickly stock to dine. 400
But if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost ;
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart :
And how he stock'd his empty hives again, 405
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow fame's immortal spring.

For where with sev'n-fold horns mysterious Nile,
Surrounds the skirts of Ægypt's fruitful isle, 410
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
lands ;

That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found. 416
First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique. 420
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread :
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies : his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin. 426
Extended thus, in his obscene abode [strow'd
They leave the beast, but first sweet-flow'rs are
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime. 430
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When Western winds on curling waters play :
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney tops.
The tainted blood in this close prison pent, 435
Begins to boil, and thro' the bones ferment.
Then, wond'rous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs ;

'Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings: 440
 And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly. [clouds,
 At length, like summer storms from spreading
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods;
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, 445
 When from afar they gaul embattel'd foes;
 With such a tempest thro' the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought? 450

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
 His bees with famine, or diseases dead; [head. }
 On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy }
 And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd. 455
 Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood:

What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
 The third by him and thee, from heaven's high
 King?

O! where is all thy boasted pity gone, 460
 And promise of the skies to thy delud'd son?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?

Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.

Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
plough,

The needful aids of human life allow : 465

So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn,

Root up my trees, with blites destroy my corn;

My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.

Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown, 470

Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.

But from her mossy bow'r below the ground,

His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,

Encompas'd with her sea-green sisters round.

One common work they ply'd ; their distaffs full

With carded locks of blue Milesian wool. 476

Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,

And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair :

Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,

And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid. 480

Clio and Beroe, from one father both, [cloth.

Both girt with gold, and clad in parti-coloured

Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud,

Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud ;

Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad, 485
And Arethusa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To these, Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares :
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love, 490
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound agen the mother hears, 494
Agen the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears :
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise,
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethusa leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said. 500
O sister ! not with causeless fear posselt,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moans
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, 505
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded
hands :

Upbraiding heav'n from whencee his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.

Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, conduct my son, conduct him here: 510
'Tis lawful for the youth; deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand, 515
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar. 520
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears, 525
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.
When Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods. 530
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.

With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son 535

Beholds the vaulted roofs of Pory stone,

Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,

Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.

Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,

With water drawn from their perpetual spring,

From earthly dregs his body purify, 541

And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:

Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,

And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.

The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke, 545

And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.

Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine,

Then thus, let these be pour'd, with rites divine,

To the great author of our wat'ry line.

To father Ocean, this; and this, she said, 550

Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,

Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the wood-
land shade.

She sprinkl'd thrice with wine the vestal fire,

Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.

Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun, 555

With words like these to cheer her drooping son.



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In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
 The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a
 god;
 High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
 His azure carr and finny coursers guides: 560
 Proteus his name; to his Pallenian port,
 I see from far the weary god resort,
 Him, not alone, we river gods adore,
 But aged Nereus harkens to his lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring doom, 565
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
 Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
 The secret cause, and cure of all their woes. 570
 But first the wily wizzard must be caught,
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
 Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought. }
 Surprize him first, and with hard fetters bind,
 Then all his frauds will vanish into wind. 575
 I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
 When next the South'ing sun inflames the day:
 When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
 And sheep in shades avoid the parching plain.

Then will I lead thee to his secret seat, 580
 When weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
 The wayward fire frequents his cool retreat.
 His eyes with heavy slumber overcast,
 With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
 Thus surely bound, yet be not overbold, 585
 The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold:
 And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight;
 And with vain images of beasts affright.
 With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
 Or imitate the lion's angry roar; 590
 Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
 Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stares:
 Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
 In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies forms, beware 595
 To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
 'Till tiring all his arts, he turns agen
 To his true shape, in which he first was seen.
 This said, with nectar she her son anoints,
 Infusing vigour thro' his mortal joints: 600
 Down from his head the liquid odours ran,
 He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man,
 Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
 A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes; 604

Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
 In form of war, their wat'ry ranks divide,
 And there, like centries set, without the mouth
 Abide;

A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
 A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.

Secure within resides the various god, 610

And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,

The goddess guides her son, and turns him from
 The light:

Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.

'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the
 sky: 615

Scorch'd Indian swains, the rivell'd grass was dry;

The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,

And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:

When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,

Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves: 620

His finny flocks about their shepherd play,

And rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.

Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,

Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount, 625

Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.

So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home :
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war, 630
Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies,
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes ;
When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art, 635
First in dissembled fire attempts to part :
Then roaring beasts and running streams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies :
But having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape ; 640
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke,
Audacious youth, what madness cou'd provoke
A mortal man t'invade a sleeping god ?
What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode ?
To this, th' audacious youth, thou know'st full
well 645
My name and bus'ness, god, nor need I tell :
No man can Proteus cheat ; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods command, I come t'implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore. 650

The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
 Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
 And gnash'd his teeth and cry'd, no vulgar god
 Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.

Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward, 655
 And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life;
 And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;

Nor (if the fates assist not) can'st thou 'scapen
 The just revenge of that intended rape. 660

To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
 Unwary, took along the river's side;

Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
 That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.

But all her fellow nymphs the mountains tear 665
 With loud laments, and break the yielding air:

The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
 And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.

Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore, 670
 And sought, his mournful mind with music to
 restore.

On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night 675

He took his way thro' forests void of light :

And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,

And stood before th' inexorable king.

Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,

And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side. 680

Nor flocks of birds, when driv'n by storms or night,

Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight :

Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,

* The mighty heroes more majestic shade,

And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents

laid. 685

All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,

With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds ;

And baleful Styx encompasses around,

With nine slow circling streams th' unhappy

ground. 689

Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,

Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance :

The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,

The furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl :

Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,

But leans attentive on his standing wheel. 695

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normandy's translation.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He first, and close behind him follow'd she, 700
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
By little caution and much love betray'd:
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or cou'd hell forgive. 705
For near the confines of ethærial light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, no master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke, 710
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue light'ning gave the sign
Of cov'nants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride, what fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me? 715
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
And iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.

In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join 720

In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!

She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair

Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;

And left her hopeless lover in despair,

In vain, with folding arms, the youth assay'd 725

To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:

He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,

With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise;

But she return'd no more to bless his longing

eyes.

Nor wou'd th' infernal Ferry-man once more 730

Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.

What shou'd he do, who twice had lost his love?

What notes invent, what new petitions move?

Her soul already was consign'd to fate,

And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler fate. 735

For sev'n continu'd months, if fame say true,

The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;

By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone,

The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:

Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs,

Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-

ing tongues.

744

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone;
 Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
 By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence. 745

But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
 And melancholy music fill the plains;

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
 Averse from Venus and from nuptial joys.

Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
 Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;

He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
 And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd, 755

With furies, and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.

Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field,

Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus born; 761

Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
 With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd,

Eurydice, the rocks and river-banks reply'd.

This answer Proteus gave, nor more he said, 765
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
 And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely
 spread.

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear; 769
 For now, said she, the cause is known from whence
 Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence;
 The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees, 774
 With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs appease;
 The soft Napæan race will soon repent
 Their anger, and remit the punishment:
 The secret in an easy method lies;
 Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
 Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide, 780
 Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd;
 For these, four altars in their temple rear,
 And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.
 From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
 And leave their bodies in the shady wood: 785
 Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
 T' appease the manes of the poets king:

And to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provides;
This finish'd, to the former woods repairs
His mother's precepts he performs with care,
The temple visits, and adores with pray'r.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
Four slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.

795

Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.

Behold a prodigy! for from within

The broken bowels and the bloated skin,

800

A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,

Straight issue thro' the sides assembling swarms,

Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,

Then on a neighb'ring tree descending light;

Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,

805

And make a large dependence from the bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,

And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;

While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,

Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war:

810

With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause,

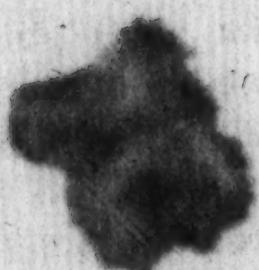
With arts of peace the willing people draws:

On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days, 815
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And bold, thro' youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds and their loves have play'd.



V I R G I L's

Æ N E I S.

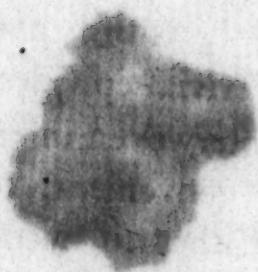


E 3



V I R G I L

A E N E I D



To the most Honourable

J O H N,

Lord Marquis of NORMANBY,

Earl of MULGRAVE, &c.

A N D

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

AN heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of a man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient, to carry on the main design. Either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be

left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength; but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the cranies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime, nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Aristotle and others have inserted in their poems. By which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and hardens it to virtue, the other softens it again and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the compleating of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil; as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two

Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poets took their occasions from the subject; though to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions, (who are heroes all alike) or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second; went out of his way, as it were on propense malice, to commit a fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent, (that author of all evil) to make way for those funeral honours, which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he

had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for the detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it; what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's *Iliads* and *Odysses*, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under *Æschylus*, *Eurypides*, and *Sophocles*. For the original of the stage was from the epic

poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pigmies; yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the divine *particulum auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced, within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day. So that as he taught them to amplify what he

had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents, than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion; are the great effects of tragedy.

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Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove, that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass: the whole action being cir-

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circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumsolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? Where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's

chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive, and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the *Iliads*, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneis* of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When

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he picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at

greater leifure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diftemper, and gives a healthful habit. The fun enlightens and chears us, difpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is fowed, increafes, is ripened, and is reaped for ufe in procefs of time, and in its proper feafon. I proceed from the greatnefs of the action to the dignity of the actors, I mean the perfons employed in both poems. There likewife tragedy will be feen to borrow from the Epopee; and that which borrows is always of lefs dignity, becaufe it has not of its own. A fubject, it is true, may lend to his fovereign, but the the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becaufe he wants, and the fubject fupplies. And fuppoſe the perfons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, becaufe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage, which tragedy can boaſt above

heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontented excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon the stationer complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add, that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage: and those not only the speciosa miracula, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Lestrigons, which

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cannot be represented even in operas, but the prowess of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer or in Virgil; but, ne Hercules contra duos in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil; if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your essay of poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence,

I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his cotemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good-nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother serjeant at the bar; especially when he controuls his law and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me

read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man, with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it

was politic. For by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections. For in this address to your lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Piso's, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he observes no method

that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinfius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed as often as I pleased, the same subject; and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison therefore which I made betwixt the Epopee and the Tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, That the file of heroic poets is very short: all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias*, and one *Æneis* in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was

the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some lord chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears, with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum. mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right-line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery, with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spencer has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and:

driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his translation of the *Æneis*, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The stile of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in a dialogue, both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the *Epopée* delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for *Volat irrevocabile verbum*; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we

read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness, and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business; and not thinking of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies. He has a whole confederacy against

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him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero. I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst but casual slips of a great man's pen; or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanne-guy, le Fevré, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated, and without contradicting my first opinion, I can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer was to the Grecians of his; in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate

states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in their several chiefs, to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him, by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the meantime, the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

Quicquid dilirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the ex-

ample, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so after the reconciliation, he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen, were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian, or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the

former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he too had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth; (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the christian priesthood, refining on the heathen :) Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power: such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric of consequence must fall betwixt them; and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering

fundamental laws and constitutions. Like him, who being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was overpersuaded by his landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor : Stayo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perstar meglio, sto qui.

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power ; and each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your lordship with the repetition of what you know : After the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself out-witted by Cæsar ; broke

with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: Cæsar thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country; whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed, and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame, (tho' Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over; and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after the com-

monwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good-fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them; he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author, (as men of good sense are generally honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Secretisque piis, his danrem jura Catonem.

I think, I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed by his own poet in *Elysium*; and there

giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaign's principles, That an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice: which, for many reasons I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the

condition of the times in which he lived; that an intire liberty was not to be retrieved; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to

confirm their obedience to him : and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem : honest in the poet : honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction ; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans ; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil ; though perhaps he thought not so himself : or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there : but that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, though they were all graven after

his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the *Æneis*, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourished in his time, less obliged by him than the emperor. Your lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the *Æneis*: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises, I insist not on their names,

but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mecænas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For, *genus irritabile Vatum*, as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him, *Animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion

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what he can. His prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral leads me. But if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more, when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero: I must prepare that subject, by shewing how dextrously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both, which is the part of a wise and an honest man; and proves, that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his master for his bounty, and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in

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his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession: for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneis, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. Æneas had only married Creüsa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had

Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæsar; such a title being but one degree removed from conquest. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom, than a trust, Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince; solicitous for the welfare of his people; always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their advice; and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the

heirefs of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto, &c.* are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium. Wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which Augustus was invested: and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the second book of the *Æneis*, for his hero to succeed in it; and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation; the words of Virgil are very plain,

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja
Penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors. Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere
regnum

Immeritum visum Superis,—

Æneis, lib. III. v. 1.

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections; for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives

his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus: those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to those who had obliged him; and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son, his wife follows him; but losing his footsteps, through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his

sorrow for his death; of the games instituted
 in honour of his memory; or seeking him,
 by his command, even after his death, in
 the Elysian fields. I will not mention his
 tenderness for his son, which every where is
 visible: of his raising a tomb for Polydorus,
 the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remem-
 brance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his
 nurse; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge
 taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by
 his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and
 then the poem had been left imperfect; for
 we could have had no certain prospect of his
 happiness, while the last obstacle to it was
 unremoved. Of the other parts which com-
 pose his character, as a king, or as a general,
 I need say nothing; the whole *Æneis* is one
 continued instance, of some one or other of
 them; and where I find any thing of them
 taxed, it should suffice me, as briefly as I
 can, to vindicate my divine master to your
 lordship, and by you to the reader. But
 herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to
 his translation of the *Æneis*, as the author of
 the Dauphin's *Virgil* justly calls it, has pre-
 vented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow

from him; am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries) as a principal ornament of our language:

but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my lord, I would not translate him because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book, are of the same excellency; and for the same reason I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned, for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality

they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate, that Augustus, whom he calls *Æneas* in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous, and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by shewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had considered, that the great virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people, which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to *Æneas*. But knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the

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gods, towards his country, and towards his relations; he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? To a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour, I will now follow him, where he considers this valour, or intre-

pid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having first concluded, that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero, from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country; allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil, (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomede give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book:

— Stetimus tela aspera contra,
 Contulimusque manus; experto credite,
 quantus
 In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat
 hastam.
 Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
 Terra viros; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
 Dardanus, & versis lugeret Græcia fati.

Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est moenia

Trojæ,

Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Grajūm

Hæsit; & in decumum vestigia rettulit
annum.

Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus

armis:

Hic pietate prior. —

I give not here my translation of these verses, though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates, that Homer had done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was manifestly the second companion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the champion of his nightly expedition: for he had a head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to

bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: they who accuse *Æneas* for want of courage, either understand not *Virgil*, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered. Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him, would tire your lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last *Æneids*. In short, more could not be expected from an *Amadis*, a *Sir Lancelot*, or a whole round table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio*, is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continued *Segrais*, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprizes, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on *Homer*, ere it can reach *Virgil*. *Achilles* was as well provided with them as *Æneas*, though he was invulnerable without them: and *Ariosto*, the two *Tasso's*, *Bernardo*, and *Torquato*, even our own *Spencer*; in a word, all

modern poets, have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more, than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us out of Virgil, (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries) under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I need not insist on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself thought otherwise. But in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor or his descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded in the twelfth of the Æneis, though he had the same god-smith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no warluck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by

his mother's help; because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more, for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described, lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian: Cretusa was lost for ever to her

husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore, and like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing, that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he

weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when in the beginning of the first book he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

Exemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra :

Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sydera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he

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wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm, therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere, in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed, by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman, whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself, and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken, Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on

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his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

Parce metu, Cytheræa, manent immota
tuorum

Fata, tibi, &c.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole *Æneis*, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate, or not. And indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect, that he was of opinion, Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny. *Tua qua potes, orsa reflectas.* To which he graciously answers:

*Si mora præsentis lethi, tempusque caduco
Oratur. Juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus
eripe fatis.*

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Hactenus indulgisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque
moveri,

Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inaneis.

But that he could not alter those decrees,
the king of gods himself confesses, in the
book above cited: when he comforts Her-
cules, for the death of Pallas, who had in-
voked his aid before he threw his lance at
Turnus.

———Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,

Tot nati cecidere Deum; quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Tur-
num

Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad
ævi.

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he
could not save his own son, or prevent the
death which he foresaw. Of his power to
defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed
with that excellent person Sir Robert How-
ard; who is better conversant than any man
that I know, in the doctrine of the stoics,
and he set me right from the concurrent

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testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus
eripe fati;

her eplied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in destiny, for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived, if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more shew of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off with flying colours,

they may learn experience at her cost; and for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can chuse from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes, with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befall others. They give him two contrary characters, but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion,

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Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare
Regnis?

Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.—

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them: But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favour, and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than

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an absolute command from Jupiter, could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy. For those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion; or take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree; that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the property was transferred, by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would

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not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it;

Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Segrain confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

—Curam sub corde premebat,

Multa gemens, magnoque animum labor factus amore.

Upon the whole matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame, than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet it seems had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady, to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuses himself when it is too late,

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and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the *Æneis* is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it; and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge, that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole *Æneis*. Oh, how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the *faix* sex, however, if they had the deserver in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew, with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil: and in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if I

cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneid; and we know not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described, than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole

Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her, whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work: but possession having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats: and nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added.

I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised, for chusing their heroes out of Greece and Italy. Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him; but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him: and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Estè, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the

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cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband, doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falshood of Æneas by an exprefs command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who hath obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honesty, but he gained his cause however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love; for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her; she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and *varium & mutabile semper femina*, is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on woman-kind; for both the adjectives are.

neuter, and animal must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: If a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. *Notumque furens quid femina possit*; she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lye, as

an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country ; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido cotemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, says that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence ; that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance ; he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poety, but he never made

himself a slave to them: chronology at best is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must chuse, as he did, an obscure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrays says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth *Æneid*, to which I refer your lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated

both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witicism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil, in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shewed already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism, by superceding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason, that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own laws when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art, therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and

other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the Metamorphoses? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history, which is known to all the world; as for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delight-

ful (which they always are, if they be natural) if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time I may affirm in honour of this episode, that is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own age; and before it was mel-
lowed into that reputation, which time has given it, for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo foedere junctus amor.*

Where, by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid in those words, *Non legitimo*

foedere junctus amor, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my *Art of Love*, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action? But was Ovid the court-poet so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that Juno the goddess of matrimony had ratified it by her presence, for it was her business to bring matters to that issue: that the ceremonies were short we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an *innuendo*——*Pulchramque uxori urbem extruis.*—— He calls Æneas not only a

husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word uxorius implies. Now mark a little, if your lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage, (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom) it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards, for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun English proverb, he killed two birds with one stone; pleased the emperor by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in foedera veni*, is the very excuse which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live al-

ways drudging on at Carthage; my business was Italy; and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwreck'd on your coast: be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time I call the gods to witness that I leave your shore unwillingly, for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse, into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next I think is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age; I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge: a capital crime,

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I must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer. Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts; then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are

in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them as every man hath to air or water. *Quid prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est.* But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the œconomy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis* which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odysses*: as for example, *Æneas* descended into hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas* loved *Dido*, and *Ulysses* loved *Calypso*: in few words, *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer's Odysses* in his first six books, and in his six last the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of *Virgil's Æneis*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of *Homer* had

Virgil his episode of Nisus and Uryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Ægyptian priestess. Æneadum Genetrix was no more unknown to Lucretius than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for man to save his king and country; his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him, in their promised Italy. Neither the invention, nor the conduct of this

great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him as I do Virgil, and fall as short of him as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod before they were born, and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude: Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy, might not the mo-

dern painter have succeeded as well as the
 ancient, though neither of them had seen the
 town on fire? For the draughts of both were
 taken from the ideas which they had of nature.
 Cities have been burnt before either of them
 were in being. But to close the simile as I
 began it, they would not have designed it
 after the same manner: Apelles would have
 distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the
 Grecians, and shewed him forcing his entrance
 into Priam's palace; there he had set him in
 the fairest light, and given him the chief place
 of all his figures, because he was a Grecian,
 and he would do honour to his country.
 Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended
 from the Trojans, would have made Æneas
 the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with
 his father on his back; his son in one hand,
 his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife
 following, (for an act of piety is not half so
 graceful in a picture as an act of courage:)
 he would have rather drawn him killing An-
 drogeus, or some other, hand to hand, and
 the blaze of the fires should have darted full
 upon his face to make him conspicuous
 amongst his Trojans. This I think is a just

comparison betwixt the two poets in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found in the languishing episode of the *Odysses*? If this be a copy, let the critics shew us the same disposition, features, or colouring in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that journey? *Æneas* undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race; and next to *Romulus*, (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil) his own patron *Augustus Cæsar*. *Anchises* was likewise to instruct him, how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour, that is, in other words,

to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fulsom, rather by their want of skill than by the commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiarist, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like Merry Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks, which his master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but with one

objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre or Valais, but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, suppose for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a

word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business. And admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both, and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action; but commonly in its declining, when he has warmed us in his description, as much as possible he can; then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest

to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoe* were heaving the ships from off the quick-sands; before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe
coorta est

Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, & fæxa volant, furor arma
ministrat;

Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte
virum quem

Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus ad-
stant:

Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:

Sic cunctus pelagi accidit fragor, æquora
 postquam
 Prospiciens genitor, cœloque investus a-
 perto
 Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora fe-
 cundo.

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: Nunc, non erat his locus: and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the *Æneis*, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to

have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor, of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next is no objection, for that implies a fault; and it had been none in Virgil if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and if I examined him perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than in it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had 28 or 29 days in it. But for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am sure

your lordship is one; I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the *Æneis* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half; ground their calculation thus: Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy. He is surprized by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens; and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following, sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring, meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time; this part of the action compleats the year. Then he

celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by Turnus, his going for succours to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days truce, the second battle, the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses far-

ther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in exprefs terms, as an argument for his longer ftay,

Quinetiam hyberno moliris fydere claffem.

But whereas Ronsard's followers fuppose that when Æneas had buried his father he fet fail immediately for Italy, (though the tempeft drove him on the coaft of Carthage) Segrais will by no means allow that fuppofition; but thinks it much more probable, that he remained in Sicily till the midft of July or the beginning of Auguft; at which time he places the firft appearance of his hero on the fea; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be fupposed above ten months of intermediate time: for arriving at Carthage in the latter end of fummer, ftaying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the fpring, making a fhort abode in Sicily the fecond time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reafonably judged the bufinefs but of ten months To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been

for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father; after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage; and in refreshing his weather beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of Tiber, which marks the season of the spring;

that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place, which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh *Æneid*:

Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
 Cum venti posuere; variae circumque, supraque
 Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
 Æthera mulcebant cantu. ———

The remainder of the action required but three months more: for when *Æneas* went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander; so that according to this calculation the *Æneis* takes not up above a year compleat, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrain, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest, described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the *Pastorals*, but more particularly in the *Georgics*, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according

to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion in his speech to Dido,

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation, is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion, is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes, or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during winter; she speaks also of Orion,

Dum pelago defævit hyems, & aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising

of Orion: Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him nimbofus: Anna, aquosus. He is tempestuous in the summer when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he rises achronically. Your lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words; which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais; who I think deserves no little commendation in this new criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities; as did also the Trojans: from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had in propriety, Ganymede

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and Mercury; and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers: he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Æneis*, to calm the tempest raised by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot; for whom he bargains. I name those two examples, amongst a hundred which I omit, to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? what wonder, if amongst so many ships there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes; though half the winds had not been there, which *Æolus* employed? Might not *Palinurus*, without

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a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies; at least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles. Which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated

against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprized; we share the pleasure of that glorious vision, (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerufalem.) But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedily an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a

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time? And how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journey-men? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work: though he had reviewed it, and found those errors which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his *Æneis* should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomedes. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the *ixap* which they shed, were so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his *Art of Poetry*, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,
 That rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left, for making the discovery; then and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword: (for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forged by Vulcan for his father) but a weapon which he had snatched in haste,

and, by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus. That after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil :

—— Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait ; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter
hostis.

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical than this description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end : for first he makes God almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow : then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount ; quite con-

trary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense.

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.

For I have taken these words *Quem damnet labor*, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place; *Damnabis tu quoque votis*; to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance, and the *Dira*, were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them. For when *Æneas* and *Turnus* stood fronting each other before the altar, *Turnus* looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the

proportion of their limbs, concluded it was impar pugna, and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna, (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight.

*Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus
æquis;*

So that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus, he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

—— Non mea tua turbida virtus

*Terret; ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter
hostis.*

I doubt not but the adverb (*solum*) is to be understood; it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before, when his first sword

was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use; because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword, to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Diræ, was to warn Juturna from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might farther add, that Æneas was so eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by these words:

O soror & dudum agnovi, cū prima per
artem

Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea.——

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I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my translation: unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet; who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore, as he himself professes, are sermoni propria, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet and flowing in his Hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master sets them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master: and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the Cæsura as much as possibly I could. For wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need, in a language which is over-stocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the

vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with Cæsura's. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that this versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only chuse our words for elegance, but for sound. To perform which, a mastery in the language is required, the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet: and so dis-

pose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it,) the proverb will fall heavily upon him; Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneis*, yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is. For a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say. For some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope from the candour of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that if the faults are

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not too many, you will make allowances with Horace;

Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parùm cavit natura.——

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a Cæsura, in this whole poem. But where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aspirate, and our diphthongs are plainly such; the greatest latitude I take is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule: that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.

But, nobis non licet esse tam disertis. At least, if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English Prosodia, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherb first brought them into France, within this last century: and we see how they adorn their Alexandrians, But as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unsolved:

Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomini regum

Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solis habeto.

So I will give your lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill.

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Though deep, yet clear; though gentle,
yet not dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing
full.

And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation, and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow poets; since if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness: and above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts

public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to made use sometimes of his Alexandrian line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric; because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables in their heroic verse: but since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run, and measure of a Trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews like our English. It has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and *pondere non numero*, is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard:

of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent, but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere
manes.*

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his *Æneis* sometimes: but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

*Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque vi-
rum.*

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Prosciber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon, yet he was only banished, and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour; Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist, but whether they will pass for gospel now, I cannot tell.

*Non fu sì santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;*

L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
 La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill: and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians, yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme: (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated.) Now if a muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is

a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease: though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles, and Withers. What it adds to sweetness it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the *Æneis*: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I

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I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly : for I have forsaken Ruæus, (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneid.

——Sorti pater æquus utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *pater* is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter the common father of mankind ; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder : (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance :) because

the gods cannot controul destiny.—The verse follows :

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit
arvis.

Which the same Ruæus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word *rejicit* I know will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen

have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success. As particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and, amongst the *Æneids*, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our

imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spencer and Milton are the nearest in English, to Virgil and Homer in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style in imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I chuse for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes: (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a

conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mancanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers, (as we hold there is a middle state of souls) such as have a farther

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insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted,) but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes: an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these two desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pædagogues or school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works?

for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest, or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious: souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding; these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced

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by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's *Æneis*, and Martin's *Adone*. And, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the fame which he describes :

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; *Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*: and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the *Judices Natos*, I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of *Entellus* for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not

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for the gift, but for the honour; Nec dona moror. For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other. For his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother-tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Æneis* is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd
by fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech.

Nor could the world have borne so fierce
a flame.

Where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words: for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may

be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity. For there is the like ambergrease, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior

scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase, and literal translation: to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words: and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse, is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in chusing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknow-

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ledge, with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt, according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses: for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses. And Chapman hath followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my

ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity : strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unfinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative : yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings ; they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction, in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises, and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But at the same time I must excuse him. For through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel at an age, when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the

Beauties of his mother tongue. Which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off: and returned, says Sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Fairy Queen; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem; as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses, of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But I am confident our

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poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent. And I ground my opinion on these two reasons. First, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics. For he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems; but his *Æneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect.

Quem tibi jam Trojā——

Which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half line of nonsense;

peperit fumante Creüsā.

For Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to Augustus,

Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior
alter

Ære ciere viros ———

To which he added in that transport, Mar-
temque accendere cantu: and never was any
line more nobly finished, for the reasons which
I have given in the book of painting. On
these considerations I have shunned hemis-
tichs, not being willing to imitate Virgil to a
fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected
to hold their necks awry, because he could
not help it. I am confident your lordship is
by this time of my opinion; and that you
will look on those half lines hereafter, as the
imperfect products of a hasty muse; like the
frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them
kindled into life, and part a lump of un-
formed, unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole
verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want
of time to digest him better: but give me
leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who,
when he was upbraided, that some of his
novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned
this answer; that Charlemain, who made the

Balladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your lordship, in my own defence, that from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last *Æneid*, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book. For Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt. So that the latter end

must needs be more burthensome than the beginning or the middle. And consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned, (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of anathema.) But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owners; if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this

is nothing to what follows; for being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression. And for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which Venus lays Cupid in the first *Æneid*. If I should translate it *sweet-marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses

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under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights; where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

Quem quisquis studet æmulari,
 — ceratis ope Dedalæâ
 Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
 Nomina ponto.

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others!

Aude hospes contemnere opes, & te quo-
 que dignum

Finge Deo. —

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it; I contemn the world, when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original muse is absent: but like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when

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the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems; that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return: but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore if I find any ele-

gant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man therefore is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first, to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the *Æneis*; which he had ended before I engaged in the same design. Neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I de-

fired his lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to shew for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work; which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense. For no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another, and more correct copy of that translation by them, which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the *Æneis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own, that this excellent young man has shewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing

me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Pastorals, and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation. Which, perhaps, has caused a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion, that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of verification observed, are proofs sufficient, that this is one man's work; and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest, when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons, why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality; who

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have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly, that he may be understood by his readers: to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first *Æneid*; because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long; and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his, and

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he had said before.

Horrentia Martis arma,

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is

such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet;

*Arma virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus
ab oris.*

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with *At nunc*, to make the sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius than retrenched.

I know it may be answered by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines; that he asserts his title to the *Æneis* in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this

than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others; which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto, in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil; but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
And issuing thence, compell'd the neigh-
b'ring field

A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruit-
ful plain,

(A poem grateful to the greedy swain,) &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place, But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the

whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line? For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain: being satisfied before hand, that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday-authors write for pleasure, and only shewed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept with your wonted goodness this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and though some part of them are covered in the verse; (as Ericthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness) such of them as cannot be concealed you will please to connive at, though in the strictness of your judgment you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my Aureng-zeb into your protection with all his faults: and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be I know not, but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship or your noble

kinsman the earl of Dorset; much less of any other; yet when I least expected it you have both remembered me. So inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks; and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case; and somewhat too of modesty: but nothing of disrespect, or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your Essay on Poetry. It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet, and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for.

want of understanding. But neither will you, my lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is ad clerum. At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may peruse the allegory with a short prayer, after a long sermon:

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry; which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man than by

Your Lordship's

most humble, most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

A R O U M E N T

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

L 4

THE
A R G U M E N T.

THE Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by the dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido by a device of Venus begins to have a passion for him, and after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

T H E
F I R S T B O O K

G F T H E

Æ N E I S.

A RMS, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore,
Long labours, both by sea and land he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settl'd sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

O! Muse, the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!

Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares, 15

Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!

Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,

Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away, 1

An ancient town was seated on the sea: 20

A Tyrian colony, the people made

Stout for the war, and studious of their trade,

Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more

Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore. 24

Here stood her chariot, here, if heav'n were kind,

The seat of awful empire she design'd.

Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,

(Long cited by the people of the sky)

That times to come shou'd see the Trojan race

Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface: 30

Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway,

Shou'd on the necks of all the nations lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate,

Nor cou'd forget the war she wag'd of late, 34

For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.

Besides long causes working in her mind,

And secret seeds of envy lay behind.

Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd

Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd.

The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.

Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.

For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45

And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train,
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.
Such time, such toll requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame. 49

Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores:

Ent'ring with chearful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main:

When lab'ring still, with endless discontent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fury vent. 55

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?

So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force,
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.

Cou'd angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?

She for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw?

With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep: 65

Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame;
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound,
Transfixed and naked, on a rock she bound.

But I, who walk in awful state above, 70
The majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruined Troy.
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my flighted altars lay? 75

Thus rag'd the goddess, and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought.
Where in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds. 81

This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted sway 86
Wou'd sweep the world before them in their way:

Earth, air and seas thro' empty space wou'd roll,

And heav'n wou'd fly before the driving foul.

In fear of this the father of the gods

90

Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,

And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with

mountain loads:

Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,

To loose their fetters, or their force allay.

To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address,

And thus the tenor of her suit express'd.

96

O Æolus! for to thee the king of heav'n

The pow'r of tempests, and of winds has giv'n:

Thy force alone their fury can restrain,

And smoothe the waves, or swell the troubl'd main:

A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,

101

With prosp'rous passage cut the Thuscan sea:

To fruitful Italy their course they steer,

[there.

And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples.

Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies,

Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.

106

Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,

Around my person wait, and bear my train:

Succeed my wish, and second my design,

The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine;

110

And make the father of a happy line.

To this the god—'Tis your's, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand; 115
Your's is my sov'reign's grace, and as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast.
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue,
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.
He said; and hurl'd against the mountain-side 120
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god apply'd.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 125
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows on the shore.
The cables crack, the sailors fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies,
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes. 130
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief.

And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd.
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
Why cou'd not I by that strong arm be slain. 140
And lie by noble Hector on the plain :
O great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear? 145
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boréas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies :
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow, 150
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow :
While those astern descending down the steep,
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast. 155
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood,
Three more, fierce Eurys in his angry mood
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.

Orontes' barque that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid fight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborn,
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, 165
Was headlong hurl'd, thrice round the ship was tost,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams
Admit the deluge of the briny streams. 175

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes 180
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue: 185



J. Collier sculp.

He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast:
Then thus rebuk'd; audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?

Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?

To raise such mountains on the troubl'd main?

Whom I—But first 'tis fit, the billows to restrain,

And then you shall be taught obedience to my

reign.

Hence, to your lord my royal mandate bear, 195

The realms of ocean and the fields of air

Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me.

The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.

His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd,

There let him reign, the jailor of the wind: 200

With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,

And boast and bluster in his empty hall.

He spoke, and while he spoke he smooth'd the sea,

Dispell'd the darkness and restor'd the day:

Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train 205

Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,

Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands,

The god himself with ready trident stands,

And opes the deep and spreads the moving sands;

Then heaves them off the shoals, where'er he
guides 210

His finny courfers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;

And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly, 215

And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;

If then some grave and pious man appear,

They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;

He sooths with sober words their angry mood,

And quenches their innate desire of blood: 220

So when the father of the flood appears,

And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,

Their fury fails; he skims the liquid plains,

High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins,

Majestic moves along, and awful peace main-
tains. 225

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars,

To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,

An island shades it from the rolling sea,

And forms a port secure for ships to ride, 230

Broke by the jutting land on either side:

In double streams the briny waters glide:

Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grott is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats:
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
No haulfers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear. 240
Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
 repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes 245
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves,
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255
And takes a prospect of the seas below:

If Capys thence, or Antheus he cou'd spy,
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly :
No vessels were in view ; but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train 260
Of branching heads, the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along-
He stood, and while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear, the leaders first 265
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd ;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine, (Acestes' gift, 270
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroad, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief, 275
With chearful words allay'd the common grief :
Endure and conquer, Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
With me the rocks of Scylla you have try'd,
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defy'd. 280

What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
Thro' various hazards and events we move 285
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise.
Endure the hardships of your present state,
Live and reserve yourselves for better fate. 290

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his
heart;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart :

The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,

The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste;

Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil,

The limbs yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil :

Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil. 297

Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,

Restore their strength with meat, and chear their
souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends 300

The doubtful fortune of their absent friends;

Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,

Whether to deem 'em dead or in distress.

Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:

The day, but not their sorrows ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes, 310
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
 When Venus saw, she with a lovely look,
 Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke.

O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
 Disperſes thunder on the ſeas and land, 315
 Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:

How cou'd my pious ſon thy pow'r incenſe,
 Or what, alas! is vanquiſh'd Troy's offence?
 Our hope of Italy not only loſt 319
 On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt, [coſt.
 But ſhut from ev'ry ſhore, and barr'd from ev'ry
 You promis'd once a progeny divine,
 Of Romans riſing from the Trojan line,
 In after-times ſhou'd hold the world in awe,
 And to the land and ocean give the law. 325
 How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care?
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war.

Then fates to fates I cou'd oppose; but now,
When fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labours has our will decreed? 331

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Cou'd pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts:

Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.

At length he founded Padua's happy seat, 336
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat.

There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:

But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
Entitled to your heav'n, and rites divine,

Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.

Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?

And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?

To whom, the father of immortal race, 346
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,

With which he drives the clouds, and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss, then thus replies:

Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire 350
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.

Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Æneas calls;
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me,
No councils have revers'd my firm decree : 355
And lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field, 360
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build.
Till, after ev'ry foe subdu'd, the sun
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run :
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign. 365
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build,
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd ;
Three hundred circuits more, then shall be seen,
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen ; 371
Who full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
Then Romulus his grandfire's throne shall gain, 375

Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who with endless broils 380
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate, 386
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state;
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound: whom, fraught with Eastern
spoils,
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine; 394
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace:
Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,

And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars : within remains
Imprison'd fury, bound in brazen chains : 405
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms
He sits, and threatens the world with vain alarms.

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests, lest, ignorant of fate, 410
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies :
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod ; 415
The surly murmurs of the people cease,
And as the fates requir'd they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Mean time, in shades of night Æneas lies ; 420
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But when the sun restor'd the chearful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,

Anxious and eager to discover more :

It look'd a wild uncultivated shore ; 425

But whether human kind, or beasts alone

Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.

Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides ;

Tall trees surround the mountains shady sides ;

The bending brow above a safe retreat provides. }

Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,

And true Achates on his steps attends. 432

Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,

Before his eyes his goddess mother stood ;

A huntress in her habit and her mien, 435

Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.

Bare were her knees, and knots her garments

bind ; }

Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind ;

Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind. }

She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood ; 440 }

With such array Harpalice bestrode [flood. }

Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid }

Ho ! strangers ! have you lately seen, she said, }

One of my sisters, like myself array'd, }

Who cross the lawn, or in the forest stray'd ? 445 }

A painted quiver at her back she bore,
Vary'd with spots, a Lynx's hide she wore,
And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar?

}

Thus Venus; thus her son reply'd again:

None of your sisters have we heard or seen, 450

O virgin! or what other name you bear

Above that stile; O more than mortal fair!

Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!

If, as you seem, the sister of the day;

Or one at least of chaste Diana's train, 455

Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;

But tell a stranger, long in tempests tost,

What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,

And offer'd victims at your altars fall. 460

I dare not, she reply'd, assume the name

Of goddess, or celestial honours claim;

For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,

And purple buskins o'er their ancles wear.

Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are, 465

A people rude in peace, and rough in war.

The rising city which from far you see

Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.

Phœnician Dido rules the growing state, 469 }
Who fled from Tyre to shun her brother's hate :
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed ; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart. 475
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid ;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd ;
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause,
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth, 480
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed ;
Some tale, some new pretence he daily coin'd,
To sooth his sister, and delude her mind. 485
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears }
Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals. 490
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.

Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shews her where his hidden treasure lay. 494
Admonished thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight :
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find ;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds ; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n !
At last they landed, where from far your eyes 505
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise :
There bought a space of ground, which Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you, what country claims your birth ?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth ? 510
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies :
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph ! the tedious annals of our fate !
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run, 515
The day would sooner than the tale be done !

From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast: 520
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescu'd from our foes,
To fruitful Italy my course was bent, 525
And from the king of heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown, 531
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.

His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, fought to sooth his care. 535
Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n,
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more: 540
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;

The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.

Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above; 545

Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring throng;
Now all united in a goodly team,

They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they with joy returning clap their wings, 550

And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.

No more advice is needful, but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view. 555

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
ground,

And widely spread ambrosial scents around: 559

In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.

The prince pursu'd the parting deity
With words like these: Ah, whither dost thou fly?

Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; 565

Never to bless my sight but thus unknown,
And still to speak in accents not your own.
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds 570
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds;
That thus unseen their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime; 575
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r;
A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town: 581
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,
Which late were huts, and shepherds homely bow'rs;
The gates and streets; and hears from ev'ry part
The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall,
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along. 589

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which first design'd with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre: 595
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains;
When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve. 605
All with united force combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise, 610
Æneas said, and view'd with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds, (prodigious to relate)

He mix'd unmark'd among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
Full in the center of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees a venerable wood :
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found :
From under earth a courser's head they drew, 620
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew :
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate ; 625
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine,
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose :
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd, 630
The lofty doors on brazen hinges found.
What first Æneas in this place beheld
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd ;
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town, 636
The striving artists, and their arts renown ;

He saw in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall; 639
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! 645
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians pity claim.
He said: his tears a ready passage find, 650
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles thro' the plain, 655
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword 659
The centries flew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord.
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.

Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd. 664

Then where the boy disarm'd, with loosened reins,
Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains :

Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around, }
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound, }
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground. }

Mean time the Trojan dames, oppress'd with
woe, 670 }

To Pallas' fane in long procession go, }
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe : }

They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their
hair, }

And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear : }
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r. }

Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew 676

The corps of Hector, whom in fight he slew.

Here Priam sues ; and there for sums of gold

The lifeless body of his son is sold.

So sad an object, and so well express'd, 680

Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast :

To see the figure of his lifeless friend,

And his old sire his helpless hand extend,

Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,

Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain. 685.

And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race :
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield, 690
The left for ward sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes, }
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise, 696
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems ; and so she charms the fight, 700
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen :
Latona sees her shine above the rest, 705
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was ; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd she walks serenely great.

Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds; 710
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the
shrine;

In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause.

Their tasks in equal portions she divides, 715
And where unequal, there by lots decides.

Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng, 720

Whom late the tempest on the billows tost,
And widely scatter'd on another coast:
The prince, unseen, surpriz'd with wonder stands,
And longs with joyful haste to join their hands:

But doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys:

Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their request:

For these were sent commission'd by the rest, 730
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.

Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane ;
Then thus with lowly voice Ilioneus began :
O queen, indulg'd by favour of the gods 735
To found an empire in these new abodes ;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign ;
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore : 740
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away ; 745
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold ;
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common fame, 750
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name :
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand : 755
The sea came on ; the south with mighty roar
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.

Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here ; 759

What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,

And drive us to the cruel seas again !

If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws, 765 }
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause. }

Æneas was our prince, a juster lord
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword ;
Observant of the right, religious of his word. }

If yet he lives, and draws his vital air, 770

Nor we his friends of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.

We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775

Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars ;
That if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.

But if, O best of men, the fates ordain 780
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main :

And if our young Iulus be no more,
 Dismiss our navy from the friendly shore;
 That we to good Acestes may return,
 And with our friends our common losses mourn.
 Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew 786
 With cries and clamours his request renew.
 The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
 Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies.

Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate, 790
 And doubts attending an unsettled state,
 Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
 Who has not heard the story of your woes?
 The name and fortune of your native place,
 The fame and valour of the Phrygian race? 795
 We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
 Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.

Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
 Or driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
 You seek the good Acestes' government, 800
 Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
 And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
 Or would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
 To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
 My wealth, my city, and myself are yours. 805

And would to heav'n the storm you felt would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore;
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest. 811
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way: 814
From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants, and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid, 820
The rest agrees with what your mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright. 825
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
shine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face;

Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, 830
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold :
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke.

He whom you seek am I ; by tempests tols'd, 834
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast ;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
You, who your pious offices employ 840
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor :
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain. 845
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd thro' the world in exile mourn ?
The gods (if gods to goodness are inclin'd)
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind ; 849
And more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert !
In you this age is happy, and this earth ;
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.

While rolling rivers into seas shall run, 854
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind. 859
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sergestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest. 865

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus began.

What fate, O goddess-born, what angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores? 871
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim!
The same Æneas, who fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore? 875
It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;

And fought my father's aid to be restor'd :
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
And conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd. 885
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
Like you an alien in a land unknown. 890
I learn to pity woes so like my own.
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends ; 895
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives, to chear the sailors drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls, 900
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:

On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine,
With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine.

And antique vases all of gold emboss'd,
(The gold itself inferior to the cost,) 905

Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen. }

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear, 910

Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past;

And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:

A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire; 915

An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,

From Argos by the fam'd adulteress brought,

With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;

Her mother Leda's present, when she came

To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame. 920

The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,

Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore;

Of double texture, glorious to behold,

One order set with gems, and one with gold.

Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes; 925

And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares :
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace ; 930
Should bring the presents in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed.
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongu'd,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd. 934
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
And thus alarm'd, to winged love she spoke.
My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
Controls the thund'rer on his awful throne ;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith relies. 940
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life ;
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains ;
Him Dido now with banishment detains, }
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns. 945
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart :
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.

How this may be perform'd, now take my mind :

Ascanius by his father is design'd 951

To come with presents laden from the port,

To gratify the queen, and gain the court.

I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,

And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep, 955

On high Cythera ; that the sweet deceit

May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,

Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace

But only for a night's revolving space ;

Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face. 960 }

That when amidst the fervour of the feast,

The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,

And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,

Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins.

The god of love obeys, and sets aside 965

His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride :

He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,

And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,

And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes ; 970

Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,

She gently bears him to her blissful groves ;

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,

And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.

Cupid mean time assum'd his form and face, 975

Following Achates with a shorter pace ;

And brought the gifts. The queen, already fate

Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,

High on a golden bed: her princely guest

Was next her side, in order fate the rest. 980

Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high,

Th' attendants water for their hands supply,

And having wash'd, with silken towels dry.

Next fifty handmaids in long order bore

The censers, and with fumes the gods adore. 985

Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join

To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.

The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,

Approach, and on the painted couches rest.

All on the Trojan gifts, with wonder gaze, 990

But view the beauteous boy with more amaze.

His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,

His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's
disguise.

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,

Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.

But far-above the rest, the royal dame, 996

(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame ;)

With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god about the hero long 1000
 With children's play, and false embraces hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms,
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god she drew so near her breast. 1005
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair, [care. }
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former }
 The dead is to the living love resign'd,
 And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010

Now when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And thro' the palace chearful cries resound:
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine, }
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine, }
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line. }
 Then silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, 1020

With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r!
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour.
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine, 1025
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace. 1029
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd,
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul, 1034
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl;
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wand'ring moon, 1040
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence. }
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays 1045
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more; 1051
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore. }
The steeds of Diomedes vary'd the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd, 1056
To hear the series of the war desir'd:
Relate at large, my god-like guest, she said,
The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal issue of so long a war, 1060
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes declare.
For since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd. 1065

THE
SECOND BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

N 4

THE
SECOND BOOK
A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it : at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE

Æ N E I S.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man;
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
Great queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. 10
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars to kindly rest invite.
But since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know;

I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
What in our last and fatal night befel.

By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war;
And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd, 19
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it
made

For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load, 25
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle,
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)

Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to winds and weather lay. 30
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for
Greece.

The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey 35
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:

The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ, 49
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.)
Thymætès first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cry'd from far aloud,
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns? 54
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose
Within its blind recess our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town, 60
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.

Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the
wound.

And had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t'inspire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs, and Priam's empire stood. 74

Mean time with shouts the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80

About the captive tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.

Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around: 86

Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends. 90

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:

Our pity kindles, and our passions die,

We cheer the youth to make his own defence,

And freely tell us what he was and whence:

What news he could impart we long to know, 95

And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:

I neither can, nor dare my birth disclaim,

Greece is my country, Sinon is my name: 100

Tho' plung'd by fortune's pow'r in misery,

'Tis not in fortune's pow'r to make me lye.

If any chance has hither brought the name

Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,

Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105

Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes;

Because the fatal wars he would prevent;

Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;

Me, then a boy, my father poor and bare
 Of other means, committed to his care; 110
 His kinsman and companion in the war,
 While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
 The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
 I made some figure there; nor was my name
 Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115
 But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
 Had made impression in the people's hearts,
 And forg'd a treason in my patron's name,
 (I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame)
 My kinsman fell; then I, without support, 120
 In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
 With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
 And curs'd the direful author of my woes:
 'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose. 125
 I threaten'd; if indulgent heav'n once more
 Would land me safely on my native shore,
 His death with double vengeance to restore.
 This mov'd the murd'rer's hate, and soon ensu'd
 Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130
 Ambiguous rumours thro' the camp he spread,
 And fought, by treason, my devoted head:

New crimes invented, left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own: 134
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please, 141
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts,
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear the villain thus pursu'd.

Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war,)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town; 150
And had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wint'ry seas, and southern winds,
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd, [minds.
But most when this stupendous pile was rais'd. 155
Then flaming meteors, hung in air were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene:

Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypilus t' enquire their fate was sent; 159
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought, }
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought;
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main.
The spreading rumour round the people ran; 165
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight;
Then bade him name the wretch ordain'd by fate,
The public victim to redeem the state. 170
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood.
Till tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit 175
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their heav'n'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.

I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 185
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again?
My tender infants, or my careful fire;
Whom they returning will to death require? 190
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move!
If there be faith below, or gods above!
If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: Dismiss thy fears,
Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile, 201
Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile?
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
Ye lamps of heav'n! he said, and lifted high 205
His hands now free, thou venerable sky,

Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may, 210
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220
The sleeping guardians of the castle flew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and prophan'd her holy bands:
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;

That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.

Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.

Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare, 236

And hope no conquest from the tedious war:

Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.

And now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main,

Yet soon expect it on your shores again, 241

With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.

But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,

For her stol'n statue, and her tow'r betray'd;

Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245

We rais'd, and dedicate this wond'rous frame:

So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates

It pass, and intercept our better fates.

For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost,

And Troy may then a new Palladium boast. 250

For so religion and the gods ordain,

That if you violate with hands prophane

Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,

(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)

But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255

The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,

Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. 260

What Diomedé, nor Thetis greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done;
False tears and fawning words the city won. }

A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment; 265
Concurring to produce the dire event. }

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer:

When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
Two serpents rank'd abreast the seas divide, 270
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide. }

Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:

Their speckled tails advance to steer their course, 274
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.

And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:

Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.

We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take, 280
And to Laocoon and his children make:

And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
bodies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade: 285
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.

The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.

With both his hands he labours at the knots, 290

His holy fillets the blue venom blots:

His roaring fills the sitting air around.

Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,

He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies, 294

And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.

Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,

And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:

Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there,

By her large buckler and protended spear.

Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry 300

Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,

Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,

And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.

All vote t'admit the steed, that vows be paid,

And incense offer'd to th' offended maid. 305

A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoisting leavers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horses feet : the rest
With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls ; 310
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And quires of virgins sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town. 315
O sacred city, built by hands divine !
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line !
Four times he stuck ; as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
We hawl along the horse in solemn state ;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy hour ;
Foretold our fate ; but by the gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy. 325
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Mean time the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night :

Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd. 331
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well known shores:
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light. 335
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tyfander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste,
Nor was the Podalyrian hero last:
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd. 345
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate. 349
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears,
A bloody shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.

Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Thro' the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils;
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
And lanch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore,
And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran:
I wept to see the visionary man: 365 }
And while my trance continu'd, thus began.
O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'ral's of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face? 376
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came:

And groaning from the bottom of his breast, 379

This warning, in these mournful words, express'd.

O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,

The flames and horrors of this fatal night:

The foes already have possess'd the wall,

Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385

More than enough to duty and to fame.

If by a mortal hand my father's throne

Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone:

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,

And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390

From their assistance happier walls expect,

Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.

He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,

The venerable statues of the gods:

With ancient Vesta from the sacred quire, 395

The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,

Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingl'd war:

The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood

Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms

Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms:

Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrafs, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey. }
Thus when a flood of fire by wind in borne, 406
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains, }
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains }
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains: 410
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far,
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd, 415
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends,
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor, not their own; and shine with Tro-
jan light, 420
New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries,
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms. 424
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,

Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords and pass'd the flame;
With relics loaden to my doors he fled, 431
And by the hand his tender grandson led.

What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town! 436

The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands;
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands,
And arm'd hosts, an unexpected force, 441
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.

Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
More than from Argos, or Mycenæ came.

To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprize,
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.

The wardes of the gate but scarce maintain 451

Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.

I heard; and heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,

Prompts me, thro' lifted swords, and rising fires

To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,

And rush undaunted to defend the walls. 456

Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,

For valour one renown'd, and one for age.

Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew

My motions, and my mien, and to my party drew;

With young Chorcebus, who by love was led 461

To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;

And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,

Forewarn'd in vain, by the prophetic maid.

Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall, 465

And that one spirit animated all;

Brave souls, said I, but brave, alas! in vain;

Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.

You see the desp'rate state of our affairs;

And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.

The passive gods behold the Greeks defile 471

Their temples, and abandon to the spoil

Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire

To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.

Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes, 475
Despair of life, the means of living shows.
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite, 479
Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night;
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood:
So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try.
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend, our leader was despair. }
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?

What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright!
An ancient and imperial city falls, 490
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but in their turn, 494
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.

Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
 From whence, said he, my friends, this long delay?
 You loiter while the spoils are borne away:
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore. 505
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found, by the doubtful answers which we make;
 Amaz'd, he wou'd have shun'd th' unequal fight,
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
 As when some peasant in a bushy brake, 510
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
 He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies,
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms, surpriz'd Androgeos flies. }
 In vain; for him and his we compass round, 515 }
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground, }
 And of their lives an easy conquest found. }
 Thus fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
 Chorcebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Sworn with success, and of a daring mind, 520
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 My friends, said he, since fortune shows the way,
 'Tis fit we shou'd th' auspicious guide obey.

For what has she these Grecians arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans good? 525
Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.

They find us arms. This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler and his plummy crest. 530 }

Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535
And strew, with Grecian carcases, the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
And some oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

But ah! what use of valour can be made, 540
When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophets, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevell'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545
In safety cou'd protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
(Twas all she cou'd) her tender arms were ty'd.

So sad a sight Chorcebus cou'd not bear,
But fir'd with rage, distracted with despair; 550
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:

Our leader's rash example we pursue.
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:

We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.

They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free: 560

The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite;
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.

The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try, 565
Contending for the kingdom of the sky;

South, east and west, on airy coursers born,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:

Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.

The troops we squander'd first, again appear 570
From sev'ral quarters, and inclose the rear.

They first observe, and to the rest betray
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Choroëbus first, 575
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, saved from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my fault,
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I cou'd not fight, and wou'd have dy'd,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose:

As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter only there. 600
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders, some more bold
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold: 604
Their left hand gripes their bucklers, in th' ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that falling crush the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
(Such arms their last necessity provides :) 610
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend,
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath, 615
A second time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620

To the king's closet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne :
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandfire, and his grandfire's queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from
whence

625

With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew ;
Then wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew.
And where the rafters on the columns meet, 631
We push them headlong with our arms and feet :
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall :
Down goes the top at once ; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death. 636
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent ;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake ;
And casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns :

Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides 645
Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides ;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run 650
To force the gate : the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself among the foremost, deals his blows, 655
And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors : then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his axe, and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made, the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret fate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space between. 666
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.

The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies, 671
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars nor fighting guards his force sustain;
The bars are broken and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill; 675
Those few defendants whom they find they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds: (such hopes had he, 685
So large a promise of a progeny.)
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place. 690
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire:
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,

His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On every side inevitable woes ;
In arms difus'd, invests his limbs decay'd 695
Like them, with age ; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain ;
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pain ;
Despairing of success ; ambitious to be slain !
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in-view 700
An altar ; near the hearth a laurel grew ;
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train 704
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword, 709
What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's mind,
What arms are these, and to what use design'd ?
These times want other aids : were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam wou'd appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd. 715
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.

Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs. 719
Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
Thro' empty courts and open galleries :
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues ;
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes. 725
Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And shaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, said he, requite thy brutal rage ;
As sure they will, Barbarian, sure they must, 730
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just :
Who tak'ſt in wrongs an insolent delight ;
With a son's death t' infect a father's fight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his : not he, thy vaunted fire. 735
Thus us'd my wretched age : the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent, 740
And sent me back in safety from his tent.

This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew;
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinckl'd on the brazen shield. 745

Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling fire,
Slid'ring thro' clotted blood, and holy mire, 749
(The mingl'd paste his murder'd son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade;
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair: 754

Then, with a speedy thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the
wound,

And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.

Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate

With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:

He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760

Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd,

On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,

* A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

* This whole Line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood;
My father's image fill'd my pious mind; 766

Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about; but found myself alone, 770
Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.

Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights, the flames con-
sum'd the rest.

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd 775

Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sat, and, what she cou'd, unknown;
But, by the flames, that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord; 781
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd. }

Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard;
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?

Shall she, her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew ;
While unreveng'd, the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls ? 790
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies and were drunk with
blood ?

'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain ;
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.

The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murmuring manes of my friends appease.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
Spread o'er the place, and shining heav'nly bright, }
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight. 801 }

Never so radiant did her eyes appear ;
Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break ;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak.

My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect ?

Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind 810

Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.

Look if your hapless father yet survive;

Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.

Around your house the greedy Grecians err;

And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815

But for my presence and protecting care.

Not Helen's face, nor Paris was in fault:

But by the gods was this destruction brought.

Now cast your eyes around; while I dissolve

The mists and films that mortal eyes involve; 820

Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see

The shape of each avenging deity.

Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil;

Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.

Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825

Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust arise,

Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,

Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,

And heaves the building from the solid base.

Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands, 830

Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands;

Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.

See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,

Befrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:

See Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835

And arms against the town the partial deities.

Haste hence, my son, this fruitless labour end ;

Haste where your trembling spouse and fire attend ;

Haste, and a mother's care your passage shall be-
friend. }

She said ; and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840

Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.

I look'd, I listen'd, dreadful sounds I hear,

And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.

Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor cou'd prevent ;

And Ilium from its old foundation rent. 845

Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,

And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds ;

About the roots the cruel axe resounds,

The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds.

The war is felt on high, the nodding crown 850

Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
down.

To their united force it yields, tho' late,

And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching
fate :

The roots no more their upper load sustain ;

But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the
plain. 855

Descending thence, I 'scape thro' foes and fire ;
Before the goddesses, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake ;
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight, 860
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
And add his fun'ral to the fate of Troy ;
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein : 865
Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew ; 870
And give this useless corps a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath :
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare .
As for my sepulchre let heav'n take care. 875
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life ;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die; 880
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.
 What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve!
 He still persists his reasons to maintain; 885
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments are vain.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
 What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I without so dear a father live? 890
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Cou'd such a word from such a parent fall?
 If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing shou'd of ruin'd Troy remain,
 And you conspire with fortune, to be slain; 895
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near;
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood; the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the fire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess mother, give me back to fate; 901
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 Did you for this, unhappy me convey
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?

Shall I, my father, wife, and son behold 905
Welt'ring in blood, each others arms infold ?
Haste, gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome ;
'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call :
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910
Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight ;
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield ;
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915 }
I went ; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And cross the threshold in my passage lay :
Embrac'd my knees, and when I wou'd have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son.
If death be your design, at least, said she, 920
Take us along to share your destiny.
If any farther hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life, 924
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife !
While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes :
For while I held my son, in the short space,
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace ;

Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head 930
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.

Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and flake his hair :
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935
His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd.

If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can pray'rs commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd
to send.

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air ;
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged light'ning seem'd to fly ;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And trailing vanish'd in the Idean grove. 945
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide ;
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur dy'd.

The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The gods protection, and their star ador'd.
Now, now, said he, my son, no more delay, 950
I yield, I follow where heav'n shews the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race.

This tender child, these omens are your own,
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow;
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.

With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire, 960
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.

Haste, my dear father, ('tis no time to wait,)

And load my shoulders with a willing freight.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,

One death, or one deliv'rance we will share. 965

My hand shall lead our little son; and you,

My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

Next, you my servants, heed my strict commands:

Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,

To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh 970

Shoots up her venerable head on high,

By long religion kept: there bend your feet,

And in divided parties let us meet.

Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,

Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: 975

In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,

Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:

Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt. 979
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence cou'd provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide;
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tript along. 985
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, 990
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past;
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
My father looking thro' the shades with fear, 995
Cry'd out, Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armour I descry.
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense: 999
For while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night;



Alas ! I lost Creüsa : hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright ;
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat :
We met: not one was wanting, only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse ! 1010
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse !
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care, 1015
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My fire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks ; thro' night explore
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025

Then, to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there :
Instead of her the cruel Greeks I met ;
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire. 1037
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's church ;
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch : 1035
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought ;
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Thro' all the silent streets, Creüsa's name. 1045
Creüsa still I call ; at length she hears,
And sudden, thro' the shades of night, appears.
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.

Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair:
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain;
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly, 1056
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast;
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows and the feeding folds.
There end your toils, and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom and a royal bride: 1065
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud-Grecian dame;
Or stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
My goddess-mother, or my royal race,
And now, farewell: the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:

I trust our common issue to your care.

She said : and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075

I strove to speak, but horror ty'd my tongue ;

And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,

And thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of day,

Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080

Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,

I, to my longing friends, return again.

Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,

Of men, and matrons mix'd, of young and old :

A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085

With arms appointed and with treasure fraught.

Resolv'd, and willing under my command,

To run all hazards both of sea and land.

The morn began, from Ida, to display

Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day : 1090

Before the gates the Grecians took their post,

And all pretence of late relief was lost.

I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,

And loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.



And Jordan, of the hill country, my late
I yield to fate, unwillingly resign
And all pretence of late relief was left.
Before the gates the Greeks were seen their post,
Her rocky cheeks, and Phosphor led the day.
The moon began from Ida, to display
To sail all islands both of sea and land.
Rejoice, and smiling under my command
The arms appointed and with measure straight
A word at last, to end the Trojan fight.
The arms, and others next, to venture all off
And in the midst of danger, to behold
I saw the Greeks, and saw the Trojan host
The arms, and others next, to venture all off
And in the midst of danger, to behold
I saw the Greeks, and saw the Trojan host